MARVEL

015

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STAR WARS™

DOCTOR APHRA

REMASTERED
Part II

It is a time of instability as rebel forces fight the Galactic Empire. But on the fringes of the galaxy, the criminal underworld continues unabated in its pursuit of profits.

Rogue archaeologist and scoundrel Doctor Chelli Aphra is under new leadership, and she is not happy about it. Forcing her to call him "Master," the droid Triple-Zero is running a crime syndicate on Son-Tuul, and he is blackmailing Aphra to play the lead agent against her will.

Meanwhile, Imperial officer Magna Tolvan is recovering from yet another run-in with the infamous archaeologist after her crew blew up an Imperial station on the Outer Rim. Unbeknownst to Aphra, Tolvan was the only survivor....

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LIEUTENANT MAGNA TOLVAN?
MM?
IT'S TIME.
OH.
FOR INCOMPETENCE OF COMMAND AT EADU, YAVIN, AND SOMEILK, YOU HAVE RECEIVED THREE DEMERITS--
--AND THUS BEEN SENTENCED BY AUTO INQUEST TO EXECUTION.
I UNDERSTAND.
GREAT. STAND BACK FROM THE DOOR.
WHAT?

TOLD YOU I WASN'T TEASING, SIR.
J-JOYSTICK CHEVRON...?
YOU DO KNOW THAT'S NOT MY REAL NAME, RIGHT?

THEN... WHO ARE Y--
SSSHHH....

LIEUTENANT TOLVAN?

LIEUTENANT TOLVAN!
WZZZT?

WHAT'S--
IT'S TIME.

DAMN.
"MORTALITY.
"IT'S SUCH A TERRIBLY... ORGANIC... PREOCCUPATION."

Son-Tuul. 0-0-0's Relaxation Suite.
I LIKE TO THINK SOME OF US ARE RATHER ABOVE IT.
BE A DEAR AND PASS THE NERVE-SHREDDERS, BEETEE.
NO... NO--!
TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE.
SHUTTLED FROM BODY TO BODY FOR CENTURIES. NEW SKILLS, NEW LIMBS... NEW MEMORIES.
WHYEVER SHOULD THE LOSS OF MY MATTER--WELL--MATTER?
BUT ORIGINS--OH! THERE'S SOMETHING WORTH OBSESSING OVER!
AAAAAAAA!
HOW CAN A MIND KNOW ONESELF IF IT KNOWS NOTHING OF ITS FORMATIVE NANOSECONDS? ITS EARLIEST EXPERIENCES?
ITS FIRST-EVER MURDER.

Son-Tuul Streets.
BLEEP BLEEP
WELL--YES, BEETEE, I SUPPOSE I AM MONOLOGUING SOMEWHAT. WHAT OF IT?
BLEEP BLEEP
OF COURSE IT'S NOT VITAL THAT APHRA KNOW WHY WE'RE SENDING HER ON ANOTHER DEADLY MISSION, BUT I HAPPEN TO TH--
OH. OH, DEAR.
BLEEEEP
YES, THE PRISONER HAS RATHER GONE AND PERISHED, HASN'T HE? I SUPPOSE THE PROBIC AGONIZER WAS A STEP TOO FAR.
NEVER MIND. PLENTY MORE MYNOCKS IN THE EXOGORTH, AS THEY SAY.
BLEEP BLEEP
NO, I DON'T KNOW WHY THE DOCTOR HAS A HAIRY OUTGROWTH. IF YOU WANT TO DISSECT IT, YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK YOURSELF.
I...I WAS TESTING A RELIC SPLICER RIG, THAT'S ALL. C-CLONED A TOOKA. I HAD ONE AS A PET WHEN I WAS LITTLE.
THERE, YOU SEE? ORIGINS!
THOUGH I EXPECTED RATHER MORE WHEN I GAVE YOU THAT LAB.
IT'S CUSTOMIZED. P-PLUS I RETROFITTED YOU SOME WEIRD DROIDS...
MM. AND NOT A SINGLE ANCIENT SLAUGHTERBOT AMONG THEM. I HAD SUCH HIGH HOPES...
THEN WHY USE ME? C'MON, TRIPLE-ZERO, YOU'VE GOT YOUR MOB THUGS! WHATEVER I'M MEANT TO BE CHASING OUT HERE, WHY DON'T YOU GET IT YOURSELF?
YOU'RE HEAD OF A CRIME SYNDI--

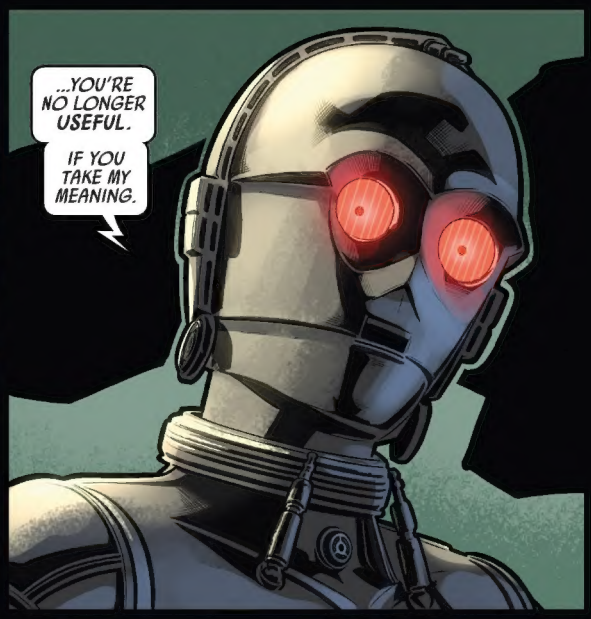
SHUSH.
SMUCKK

I'VE FOUND IT WISE TO HAVE ONE OR TWO MINIONS WITH LEADERSHIP QUALITIES, DOCTOR. IT GIVES THE OTHERS SOMEONE TO HATE WHILE THEY'RE BEING SACRIFICED.
BESIDES, THE MISSION INVOLVES ARCHAEOTECH. YOU ARE--AS BEETEE SO GRUDGINGLY PUTS IT--USEFUL.
BLEEP

I COULD RUN AWAY. HIDE.
OH DEAR. BUT THEN I'D HAVE TO TELL YOUR OLD FRIEND LORD VADER YOU'RE STILL ALIVE. HE'S FRIGHTFULLY THOROUGH.
BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP
YES, FINE, BEETEE, YOU CAN PLAY WITH THE BODY. BUT DO IT SOMEWHERE STAIN-PROOF, WILL YOU?

YOU WOULDN'T GO TO THE IMPERIALS. THEY'RE ALREADY CRACKING DOWN ON YOUR MOB.
WHAT'S TO STOP ME INFORMING ON YOU T--

SMUCK!
ASSUMING THEY'D LISTEN? IT'S NOT DREADFULLY CONVINCING, IS IT? THE SON-TUUL PRIDE--RUN BY A DROID.
BLEEP BLEEP
I'M AFRAID BEETEE'S RIGHT. YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT IF YOU'RE NOT ACTIVELY DOING WHAT I ASK, THEN--WELL.


...YOU'RE NO LONGER USEFUL.
IF YOU TAKE MY MEANING.

THE MERCENARIES AWAIT YOU ABOARD.
WE'RE USING MERCS NOW?
THE MASTER COMMANDS THAT YOU ASSEMBLE A TEAM FROM AVAILABLE ASSETS.
HERE. AUG SCANNER.
BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE MISSION! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO CHOOSE?
REXA GO. HUMAN FEMALE WITH AJ^∃ CYBORG CONSTRUCT. BASICALLY A REMOTE-CONTROLLED KNUCKLE.
JUDICIOUSLY.
DATA FILE SAYS HER INCLUSION IS "NONNEGOTIABLE."
HALLIO BAS. SKAKOAN MALE. OUR GUIDE. THE SUIT'S ADAPTED FOR PRESSURIZED HYDROGEN SULPHIDE.
YOUR EYES ARE WATERING, HUMAN. ARE YOU HYSTERICAL?
SMELLS LIKE DEATH DIED AND GOT LEFT IN THE SUN. ALSO NONNEGOTIABLE.
AW.
TODAY'S GONNA SUCK.
WHIMPER

TAM POSLA. FORMER MILVAYNE COP. THREW OUT THE LAWBOOK TO GO CHASE DOWN AN UNHINGED PSYCHO.
NOW WELL ON HIS WAY TO BECOMING ONE. DOING MERC WORK TO FUND THE HUNT.
HRR... HRRR... HRR...
BEST NOT DISTURB HIM, MISS. HE'S GOT HIS HAPPY TUNES ON.
CAYSIN BOG. VICTIM OF AFOREMENTIONED UNHINGED PSYCHO. NOTE THE HAND.
DAMN. COUPLES MEAN COMPLICATIONS.
DEK-[NIL]. ONE OF THOSE "WEIRD DROIDS" I MENTIONED. 1ST-GEN DROIDEKA RETOOLED WITH PROBABILITY TECH. (TINKERED WITH HIS EXISTENTIAL CIRCUITS, TOO.)
THE COLORS SO BEAUTIFUL CAN YOU HEAR THEM I CAN I CAN YES SO SOFT OHH THE MUSIC OF THE VOID IT CALLS.
MIGHT'VE OVERDONE IT.
THE VIOLET GHOST. MYSTERIOUS STRANGER MAKING A NAME IN SWORDCRAFT AND INCORRUPTIBLE MORALS.
WELL, HELL-O.
PROBABLY AN UNDERCOVER PRINCE, SOME CRAP LIKE THAT.
SISTER SIX. KICKED OUT OF THE ISOPTER DEATH CULT FOR GIGGLING DURING PRAYERS. IF ASSASSINS HAD ROYALTY SHE'D--WELL, SHE WOULD'VE KILLED IT BY NOW.
CHECKING MY STATS, HUH? TURN-ONS INCLUDE TONIRAY WINE, BACK RUBS, AND KNEE SHOTS.
(ACTUALLY KINDA HOT.)
GLAHST OMBRA. DEFEL SCOUT-VIXEN. GOT THAT CREEPY SHADOW AURA TRICK GOING ON WITH THE FUR.
Y'KNOW, I CAN SCENT A MOLECULE OF BLOOD FROM SIX MILES, BUT SURE, DUNGBREATHER, YOU JUST SIT RIGHT NEXT TO ME.
PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE APEX PREDATOR. WONDERFUL.

I DON'T GET IT. THIS THING SAYS THEY'VE ALL BEEN PAID. I THOUGHT THE BOSS WANTED ME TO CHOOSE WHO COMES ALONG?
INACCURATE.
WORP WORP
"LIFTOFF CANNOT BE ACHIEVED AT THIS TIME. CRAFT IS OVERBURDENED...
"PLEASE REDUCE CARRY LOAD."
HE WANTED YOU TO CHOOSE WHO DOESN'T COME.
THAT'S...I MEAN... THAT'S WEIRD. I DON'T GET IT.
BUT-- WHATEVER. I CHOOSE TO LEAVE YOU BEHIND, SO--
MOST HUMOROUS. HA. HA. HA.
SUGGESTION: PERHAPS YOUR MYSTERIOUS LUGGAGE CRATE?
THE LUGGAGE STAYS.
ALTERNATE SUGGESTION: YOUR OBNOXIOUS PET IS SURELY NOT VITA--
TOUCH FLUFTO AND DIE.

S-SORRY. MIGHT BE A SMIDGE TENSE.
LOOK, WE JUST NEED TO THINK THIS THROUGH. GET A BIGGER SHIP, MAYBE. AND WORK OUT WHAT TWISTED GAME THAT EVIL TINPOT'S PLAYING.
OH DEAR. I BELIEVE I DID EXPLAIN. SACRIFICIAL LEADERSHIP IS AN IMPORTANT VIRTUE. AND MARVELOUS FUN-- IF I MAY SAY.
I...I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE LISTENI--
BLEEP BLEEP
YES, BEETEE, THAT IS TWICE SHE'S DOUBTED US. AND "TINPOT," INDEED. SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER.
TWICE? W-WHEN ELSE DID I DOUBT YOU?
YOU SAID I WOULDN'T INFORM THE IMPERIALS. DECISIONS WITHOUT PRESSURE REALLY ARE A FRIGHTFUL BORE.
OCCUPANTS OF THE STOLEN VESSEL!
COME OUT WITH YOUR LIMBS UP!
YOU'D BETTER GET CHOOSING, DOCTOR.
ISN'T THIS JOLLY?

YOU! STRAIGHTEN THAT BACK, YOU ABHORRENT LITTLE SMEAR OF BANTHA DUNG!
AND IS THAT A STAIN ON YOUR SHINGUARD, IN THE MIDDLE? REPORT TO THE QUARTERMASTER AT END OF SHIFT!
Dendada XVII. Imperial Internal Affairs Outpost.
SLOPPY, I CALL IT.
I REALLY AM TERRIBLY SORRY, MA'AM.
TROOPERS-- READY!
AIM!
WAIT!
JOYSTICK CHEVRON...?
ORDERS FROM HQ, SIR!

HM. SEEMS ONE INSPECTOR THANOTH NAMED YOU HIS LEGATEE. YOU'VE BEEN REASSIGNED TO THE INSPECTORATE.
BUT HE DIED MONTHS AGO. WHY HAS THIS TAKEN SO LONG?
THE LOSS OF SCARIF SLOWED DOWN ALL NONESSENTIAL BUSINESS, AND BY THE TIME THAT HAD STRAIGHTENED UP, THEY WERE LOOKING FOR "CAPTAIN" TOLAN, SIR, NOT A LIEUTENANT.

=TT= SLOPPY.
QUITE. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR APPOINTMENT, LIEUTENANT-INSPECTOR TOLVAN.
I APPRECIATE THAT, THANK YOU.

WELL, NO SENSE DELAYING FURTHER. LET'S GET BACK TO THE EXECUTION, SHALL WE?
NO. I THINK NOT.

INVESTIGATIVE BRANCHES OPERATE A FOUR-DEMERIT PUNITIVE SYSTEM-- NOT THE THREE OF THE FIELD CORPS.
BASIC TRAINING, SERGEANT MAJOR. ARTICLE 3, SECTION 9. MEMORIZATION IS MANDATORY.

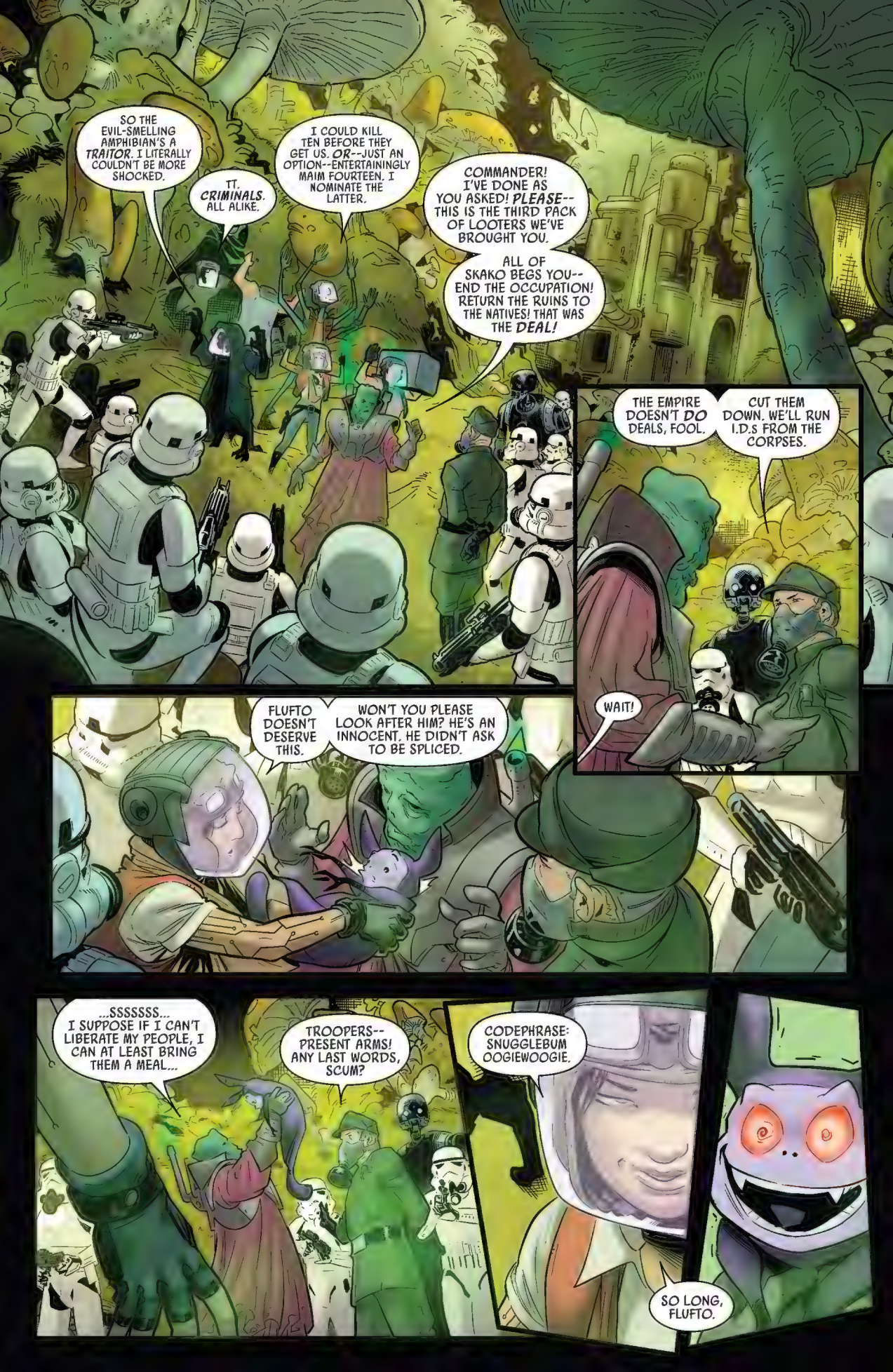
M-MY APOLOGIES, MA'AM, THE-- THE PRESSURES OF WORK. WE'VE HAD SO MANY EXECUTIONS LATELY, AND--
REPORT TO YOUR C.O. YOU WILL RECEIVE A DEMERIT.

B-BUT THAT'S MY THIRD...
SLOPPY.
"YES! TREMBLE, IMPERIAL FILTH!"

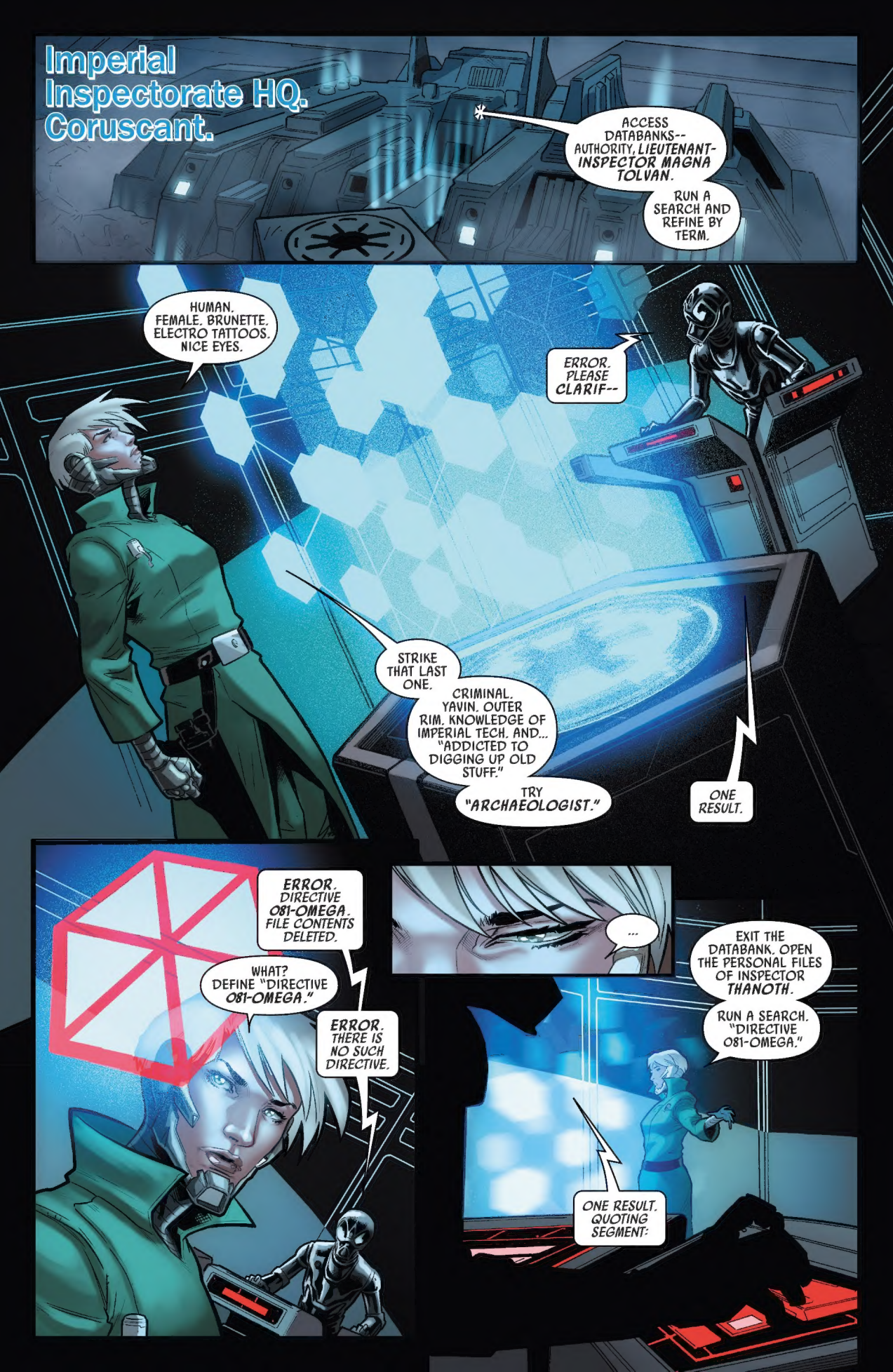
Son-Tuul Spaceport.
FOR I AM VISCOUNT RABAEL DIR GLORIO, 26TH IN LINE TO THE MASSACRED THRONE OF ALDERAAN, ONLY SURVIVING SCION OF THE HOUSE OF GLORIO--
--OFFWORLD AT THE MOMENT OF PLANETARY DESTRUCTION DUE TO A 100% LEGITIMATE DIPLOMATIC VISIT TO THE PLEASUREDOMES OF THYRON VII--
--AND THIS DAY I EMERGE FROM HIDING TO TAKE MY DREAD REVENGE!
YOU SHALL NEVER GAIN ACCESS TO THIS DOCKING BAY WHILE I YET STAND!
HA HAHAHA HAA!
AH.
DOCTOR LADY? NATURALLY I APPRECIATE THE OPPORTUNITY TO VOLUNTEER FOR PAYBACK-- BUT, AH...
IT APPEARS REINFORCEMENTS ARE COMING.
MM. YES INDEED. LOTS OF REINFORCEMENTS.
SO...IF YOU'D BE A DEAR AND HAVE THE RAMP LOWERED AND READY, I'M HEADING BACK INTO THE LAUNCH BAY N--
OH.

NEVER TRUST VOLUNTEERS, FLUFTO.
LIARS, OR IDIOTS, OR BOTH.
OH. THOSE DEAR LITTLE EPIGRAMS. I SO MISS THEM.
TELL ME SOMETHING, DOCTOR. YOU JUST CONDEMNED A MAN TO DIE SIMPLY TO REDUCE YOUR CARRY WEIGHT. BEYOND THOSE HOMESPUN MORAL PLATITUDES--
--AREN'T YOU JUST A...LITTLE EXHILARATED?
...
WAT TAMBOR.
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
I FIGURED IT OUT. THAT STINKY GUIDE BACK THERE'S SKAKOAN. AND WE HIT SOMEILK LAST WEEK TO GET DATA FROM THE CLONE WARS...
IT'S THE TECHNO UNION, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S WHAT THIS MISSION'S ALL ABOUT.
WE'RE GOING TO RAID THE HOME OF ITS DEAD MASTER.
Skako Minor.

TAMBOR WAS SKAKO'S MOST CHERISHED SON. FOR US, HIS PERSONAL WORKSHOP IS A HOLY SITE.
PHSSSHT
AHHH. IT'S SO GOOD TO BREATHE CLEAN AIR AGAIN.
SUCH VIRIDESCENT VAPORS THE HEART OH THE HEART SINGS LET US DANCE IN THE MIST.
A WHOLE WORLD OF FARTBREATH. THE SHEER ENDLESS JOY OF IT.
DIBS ON THE WOLF'S FUR IF SHE DROWNS IN REBREATHER PUKE.
THE TECHNO UNION WAS THE STRONGEST SEPARATIST FACTION. WE WOULDN'T BE STUCK WITH THE EMPIRE TODAY IF MORE HAD FOLLOWED TAMBOR'S LEAD.
...CONQUEST, EXPERIMENTATION, PETTY ACQUISITION...
AN UNREPENTANT VILLAIN!
BETTER THAN A REPENTANT ONE.
IN THE EVENT, MOST OF THE UNION'S ASSETS WERE SEIZED BY IMPERIAL R&D.
REMINDER: YOUR ANONYMOUS PAYMASTER HAS FIRST CLAIM ON THE RUINS. ANYTHING LEFT, YOU MAY ALL LOOT FREELY.
HE WANTS SOMETHING THE UNION HAD, HUH?
HEY, FROG GUY, HOW COME THE IMPS NEVER SEIZED THIS PLACE?
THEY COULDN'T FIND IT. ONLY A NATIVE AS GIFTED AS I MAY NAVIGATE THE FUNGAL FOREST.
AT LEAST...
THAT'S THE LIE I TOLD YOUR MASTER.
FREEZE.


SO THE EVIL-SMELLING AMPHIBIAN'S A TRAITOR. I LITERALLY COULDN'T BE MORE SHOCKED.
TT. CRIMINALS. ALL ALIKE.
I COULD KILL TEN BEFORE THEY GET US. OR--JUST AN OPTION--ENTERTAININGLY MAIM FOURTEEN. I NOMINATE THE LATTER.
COMMANDER! I'VE DONE AS YOU ASKED! PLEASE--THIS IS THE THIRD PACK OF LOOTERS WE'VE BROUGHT YOU.
ALL OF SKAKO BEGS YOU--END THE OCCUPATION! RETURN THE RUINS TO THE NATIVES! THAT WAS THE DEAL!
THE EMPIRE DOESN'T DO DEALS, FOOL.
CUT THEM DOWN. WE'LL RUN I.D.s FROM THE CORPSES.
WAIT!
FLUFTO DOESN'T DESERVE THIS.
WON'T YOU PLEASE LOOK AFTER HIM? HE'S AN INNOCENT. HE DIDN'T ASK TO BE SPLICED.
...SSSSSSS... I SUPPOSE IF I CAN'T LIBERATE MY PEOPLE, I CAN AT LEAST BRING THEM A MEAL...
TROOPERS--PRESENT ARMS! ANY LAST WORDS, SCUM?
CODEPHRASE: SNUGGLEBUM OOGIEWOOGIE.
SO LONG, FLUFTO.

QUERY: "CUSTOMIZED" TOOKA?
CUSTOMIZED.


Imperial Inspectorate HQ, Coruscant.
ACCESS DATABANKS-- AUTHORITY, LIEUTENANT-INSPECTOR MAGNA TOLVAN.
RUN A SEARCH AND REFINE BY TERM.
HUMAN. FEMALE. BRUNETTE. ELECTRO TATTOOS. NICE EYES.
ERROR. PLEASE CLARIF--
STRIKE THAT LAST ONE.
CRIMINAL. YAVIN. OUTER RIM. KNOWLEDGE OF IMPERIAL TECH. AND... "ADDICTED TO DIGGING UP OLD STUFF."
TRY "ARCHAEOLOGIST."
ONE RESULT.
ERROR. DIRECTIVE 081-OMEGA. FILE CONTENTS DELETED.
WHAT? DEFINE "DIRECTIVE 081-OMEGA."
ERROR. THERE IS NO SUCH DIRECTIVE.
...
EXIT THE DATABANK. OPEN THE PERSONAL FILES OF INSPECTOR THANOTH.
RUN A SEARCH. "DIRECTIVE 081-OMEGA."
ONE RESULT. QUOTING SEGMENT:

...AND SINCE MY NEW ASIGNEE ENJOYS 081-OMEGA RATING-- THAT IS, THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY TO ACCESS AND ALTER RECORDS-- I CANNOT TRUST ANYTHING ON FILE. I MUST BE--
PAUSE.
THANOTH WAS SERVING AS AN ADJUTANT WHEN HE DIED. WHO WAS HE ASSIGNED TO?
DISPLAYING I.D. FILE:
OH, HELL.

DOCTOR APHRA
NEXT ISSUE:
A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away is a lot easier to get to than you think – and we want to hear from you! Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if you want to make it onto a future letters page. Don't forget to mark the letter "OK TO PRINT."